Hazy Light — Addendum: The Park Veil

To the eye, it was a clear and sunny July day. Yet through the lens, the field filled with haze — light poles softened, branches sliced through a veil, and the ordinary looked staged behind gauze. The haze followed me outdoors.

Even the tallest lamps could not pierce the veil.

Edges blur, leaves cut into mist like blades through fabric.

A false clarity — clear to the eye, hazed to the lens.

The sky opens patches, but haze lingers across the field.

Between trees and floodlights, the park dissolves into thresholds.

Faces drift in the clouds, subtle and unclaimed.

Indoors or out, the haze chooses its own time to appear. A reminder that thresholds aren’t bound by walls — the veil may fall anywhere.